

*Chamberlain's*

DRAMA TIS PERSONAE

# CHAFF;

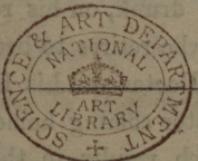
## THE YANKEE AND NIGGER

AT

6 P.M.

### THE EXHIBITION.

A READING FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.



LONDON:

EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS.

1853.

26. 11. 67.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR SILAS WASHINGTON DOODLE, a Militia Major, and native born Citizen of the U-nited States.

GUMBO JUMBO, a Coloured would-be Missionary; once a slave in Cuba, and in the United States.

JOHN BULL, a Protectionist, in mahogany tops.

DR. CHAFF, a country doctor, given to chaffing, punning, and practical jokes.

MR. COTTON, a friend of the Doctor's, a slow-coach.

MONSIEUR CRAPEAU, a Frenchman, and a Red Republican.

MINHEER METAPHYSICS, a German.

MRS. EXTRA, the Landlady.

## P L O T.

THE fun of the plot hinges on Major Silas Washington Doodle and Gumbo Jumbo happening to take each a bed, in a double-bedded room, of a Mrs. Extra, who lets lodgings during the Exhibition time. The Major takes his bed first, and Gumbo Jumbo takes his shortly afterwards, while all the rest of the lodgers are at the Exhibition. The landlady does not mention the fact, to the Major, of his fellow-lodger being a black man. The Major goes to bed drunk, on his return. After that, in comes Gumbo Jumbo, who retires to bed; and then the landlady goes to bed, as the Doctor and his friend Cotton have the latch-key. On the Doctor coming home, he plays a practical joke on the Major, which results in the Major and Gumbo Jumbo appearing, and the Major revolving Gumbo Jumbo, for having dared to sleep in the same room with a native free-born Citizen of the United States.

## P R E F A C E.

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SINCERE pity for the unhappy condition of all in bondage, has induced me to write this Farce; by which I hope will be shown the absurdities committed by the Theoretical Philanthropists, who have had the assumption to undertake the emancipation of the enslaved; and to throw out some practical hints, which may induce the Slave-holders in the United States, to make some attempt to ameliorate the condition of their slaves. Also, to jog the memories of all public sympathizers, by reminding them that Slavery still exists, and that they will not allow all their attention to be absorbed by Table-turning, Spirit-rapping, and the anticipated Russian war; for since these excitements have sprung up, I look with saddened and diminished hope on thy hard lot, poor Quashee; and I shudder to think of the thousands that will soon endure the horrors of the middle passage, if our fleet has to spread her sails in the Black Sea.

We also are curious to see what our dear cousin Jonathan will say to that coloured hypocrite, Mr.

Jumbo's modest request, "that the slaves should have the right by law, of buying their own freedom at a fixed price." In fact, to see if our dear cousin Jonathan will put his shoulder to the wheel, and make an attempt to get out of that horrid black mire, in which he is sinking deeper and deeper every day. We, it seems, are putting our shoulders to the wheel of our domestic machine, which has sunk into the slough\* made by the self-interest of a few monied-monopolists. Yes, dear cousin Jonathan, if we can but induce you to enter into competition with us in that race, the noblest that can be run,—"the amelioration of the oppressed,"—we shall deem our labour well repaid. Yes; beat us in that race and you will gain a far nobler world-wide renown than you are now doing by making Revolvers, or building the fastest clipper ships that ever doubled the Horn with a cargo of notions for California, or ran a cargo of slaves from the Guinea Coast to the Havanas.

\* House of Commons, July 5th, 1853. "Mr. Cobbett moved for leave to bring in a Bill to limit the hours of labour of women, young persons, and children, in the factories of the United Kingdom." Leave was given to bring in the Bill. Witness also the public meetings, with practical results, to ameliorate the condition of the Dressmakers, and others in distress.

In conclusion, I trust our dear cousin Jonathan will not get riled at our showing up his peculiar characteristics, as we hold him in great esteem ; and we agree with our friend the Doctor, in the Farce, that our dear cousin Jonathan has that true Anglo-Saxon characteristic, " being always game to liquor or fight." And we also agree with the Doctor, when he says : " If we can only cure our cousin Jonathan of spitting, chewing, bolting his food, and talking through his nose, he will yet be an ornament of the Anglo-Saxon race." And let us add, if we can only cure him of holding nearly four millions of *his fellow beings*\* in slavery, without a fair chance of redemption ; he will be a still greater ornament to the Anglo-Saxon race.

\* I assume that our dear cousin Jonathan will allow that they are his fellow beings, although they are black fellow beings ; and his black fellow beings, he says, " are generally allowed to be the best niggers in the world."



## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Landlady, with account book, in her parlour, in which are partitioned off two extra bed-rooms.*

LAND. What a God-send, this ere Hexhibition is to hus lodging ouse keepers, in this ere East-hend of the town. They hall comes from the Vest-hend, complaining of the hextortionate Hexhibition charges in the Vest-hend. This Hexhibition his a special providence to lodging houses; but them ere Vest-henders are always habusing a special providence ven they gets one. I am halways full, La how I does gammon the Hexhibition folks, with, cheerful appartments, central, close to all the places of public amusements, the-atres, operas, museums, busses every five minutes, hard and soft water in the ouse, church and chapel close bye, ha! ha! But I says nothing about the hextras—and then there is the sham-breakage, that brings in a pretty penny, ha! ha! That ere sofee has had his back broke five times, in five weeks, by five different hexhibitionists, at 10s. 6d. per ead, ha! ha! And them ere four chairs break their legs at the moderate sum of 4s. 6d. per leg, (that carpenter knows how to mend them with glue so as to break decently). Then them ere door handles of the two hextra bed-rooms, (which I have just put up), pull out at 2s. 6d. a pull, ha! ha! “There is nothing

like hextras," as the contractor said. Oh ! and what fusses I have had about the hextras ; "they never expected such charges"—"they thought all was included." What ! charge for cruets, rush-lights, kitchen fires, brushing boots and clothes, cleaning winders, sweeping chimnies, use of latch-key, ha ! ha !—That ere latch-key dodge pays well ; I never has but one for the use of the ouse ; then ven a hexhibitionist wants a latch key (and most of them do) I orders one for them at 8s. ; 3s. profit on each key. No I never has but one (*shows a lot in her basket*) ha ! ha ! And then I gets a per-cent-age on all the tea and sugar I buys for the lodgers, ha ! ha ! How I does gammon them Hexhibitionists to be shure, with cheerful hap—(*rap, rap, ra, ra, rap*). La here's a Hexhibitionist, and that girl Betty, she has left the window blind up ; they will see the church-yard and the bone-bilers—now, where is the coffee ; they will smell the drain. (*She throws some coffee on the fire, saying*, that takes away the smell of the drain (*rap, &c.*). Now for it ! Cheerful and hairy apartments. (*Opens the door.*) (*Enter Dr. Chaff and Cotton, each with a carpet bag.*)

Dr. Good-day Mam, by your brass-plate, I see your name is Mrs. Extra ; on my brass-plate is engraved Dr. Chaff. We want two cheerful and airy beds. I see you are central ; close to all the places of public amusements, theatres, operas, cab-stand handy, busses constantly passing, church and chapels near, and so is that great pulmonary lung of the

metropolis, Smithfield. Now how much for the two cheerful and airy beds, and no extras, Mrs. Extra.

LAND. (*Taken aback.*) (He is used to lodgings, I know.) *Aside.*

COT. Yes; how much for the lodgings, and no extras.

DR. Now! Cotton, do let me say one word, will you. Now, then, how much, and no extras?

LAND. There his halways hextras in lodgings ouses.

DR. I know that; I was once charged extra for the ornamental use of a stuffed cat, in lodgings, while walking the hospitals.

LAND. (*In alarm.*) You are not a medical student, I hope. (I had a Sawbone once in my ouse; I'll never have another.) *Aside.*

COT. No, he is not. How much? He'll chaff for ever, and a day beyond.

DR. Now, Cotton, it is exceedingly rude to interrupt me. Do let me speak. Now, how much? No extras for stuffed cats, or live ones. You have no live ones in the house, have you? Puss, puss, puss, puss.

LAND. No sir. (He's used to lodgings, and no mistake.) *Aside.*

COT. Take the lodgings, and leave off chaffing; it makes me ill.

DR. Ah, Cotton! "you are better without chaff, as the winnowing machine said to the wheat."

COT. Oh, those horrid sayings! Take the lod-

ings. (*He sits down in disgust and reads the paper. The chair breaks with him.*)

DR. Ha, ha ! Sham breakage ; glued chair. Extra for you, Cotton.

LAND. What an odd sort of man ; I don't like him ; too much of the medical student about him, and he is up to sham breakage. (*Aside.*)

DR. Now, then ; what rooms have you got ? What beds ?

LAND. Two verry nice, cheerful hairy beds. Here, sir. (*Points to one of the extra rooms.*) Verry hairy beds, sir.

DR. I don't like hairy beds. I like feather beds. Don't you, Cotton ?

COT. (*Showing his disgust.*) Another.

LAND. They his feather beds, sir, and verry hairy.

DR. (What a precious cockney ; don't know the difference between hairy and airy.) *Aside.*

LAND. They are in the most airy part of the ouse, sir.

DR. Why, I should say the *airy* steps was the most airy part of the house. Should not you, Cotton ?

COT. Horrid ! horrid ! Now, ma'am ; let me settle ; how much ? (*Rap, ra, ra, Rap.*)

DR. Now, my dear Cotton, do let me speak one word.

LAND. (*Opens the door, enter JOHN BULL.*)

DR. (As I live, old Ruined Protectionist John, Cotton, come up to the Exhibition.) *Aside.*

J. B. (That mischievous and chaffy devil, Dr. Chaff; and that spinning Jenny Croesus Cotton.) *Aside.*

DR. (*Going up to JOHN BULL.*) My dear John, how are you? I am so glad you have come in, to stop Cotton's jaw; he has been jawing this hour about the lodgings. How are you, are you better? (*Takes hold of J. B.'s pulse.*)

J. B. Better. What do you mean? Come, you shan't persuade me I am unwell, though you are a doctor. (*Takes his hand away.*)

DR. Why, ain't you unwell? Why, the other day, at the agricultural meeting, you said you were "a ruined and broken-hearted man;" but you have the strongest pulse for a broken-hearted man that I ever felt.

J. B. Oh, devil take your chaff; I know you of old. I want lodgings, ma'am.

LAND. Yes, sir; nice first floor, sir.

DR. First come, first served. We will take this double-bedded room at thirty shillings a week.

LAND. La, sir, I never said I would take thirty shillings a week. They his four guineas. (*Rap.* *She opens the door, at which appear a Frenchman and a German, bowing, each giving way to the other, German with pipe and Frenchman with snuff-box.*)

DR. Here comes the rest of the world. There's politeness for you. Catch Englishmen, as strangers, showing politeness to each other. They only show their surly bristles to each other, like two strange

dogs when they first meet. (*After a great deal of bowing, the Frenchman pushes the German in.*)

DR. (*To J. B. and COT.*) I say, a show of clean linen is not a Frenchman's weakness, or a German's either. (*Aside.*)

GER. Ich lodge mineself, if you are not *fowls*.

FRENCH. I vill also lodge myself, if you are not fools.

LAND. (*Fowls, fools!* What do they mean?)  
*Aside.*

DR. No, we are neither fowls nor fools; so you can lodge. (*Rap, rap.*) Here comes the rest of creation. We'll book this double-bedded room, Cotton. Look sharp.

J. B. I'll take the first floor.

DR. Ha, ha! a ruined Protectionist takes the first floor! (*Aside.*)

GER. Ich lodge up stairs.

FR. I vill sleep any vere.

(LAND. *opens the door. Enter DOODLE. They all stare at him.*)

DR. That's a Yankee (*to J. B.*) Your cousin Jonathan, Mr. Bull. (*Aside.*)

Doo. Waal, straan-gers, who's the Boss\* among you?

DR. Who's the Bos? Can't say I understand you. Do you, Mr. Bull?

Doo. Waal then, who is the gentilman, who keeps these lodgings?

LAND. I am the landlady, sir.

\* "Boss," head man or master.

Doo. Waal! I guess I want lodgings.

DR. Guess you want lodgings. You had better make up your mind at once.

Doo. Waal! I guess, I did indicate to the lady, I wanted lodgings.

LAND. Oh, sir, me have a verry nice and hairy double-bedded room here, sir. (*Shows the extra bed-room*). Verry cheerful, sir.

Doo. Waal! it looks about as cheerful as sunshine in a gum stump.

DR. Ha, ha! capital simile, or you might say as cheerful as sunshine in a smokey chimney. (There is fun in this fellow, I'll trot him.) *Aside.*

LAND. (Drot that Dr.) *Aside.* Yes, sir, it is verry cheerful.

Doo. Waal, I ant particular, a bed or a bear skin will dū for me.

DR. I see you can rough it.

LAND. You will find it a verry hairy bed, sir.

Doo. Hairy! Waal, I guess the bear skin would be the most hairy, especially one of our Ar-kānsaws bear skin.

DR. Are they hairy, sir.

Doo. Yes-sir-ee!\* Generally allowed to be the most hairy skins in creation. Why, straanger, they are so hairy, that it would take all the lawyers in Bostin, ten years, to split the hairs on one skin, and them Bostin lawyers are generally allowed to be the smartest lawyers in all creation. Yes-sir-ee.

\* "Yes-sir-ee" is a common expression mostly among Western men, when speaking emphatically.

FRENCH. Quelle fantaisie d'imagination ! *good*

DR. Ha, ha, they must be hairy. *bad*

J. B. (Well, that's a good one, an't it, Cotton.)

*Aside.*

FRENCH. (Vat a fun, vat a piece of nonsense). *bad*

GER. (Mein cot, he surprises me.) *Aside.*

LAND. Then, sir, you will take the bed. *bad*

Doo. Waal, I guess I will, jist tell one of your helps, to get my valise from the coach, and pay the gentilman that driv me here from the dépō.

LAND. "One of my helps!" *bad*

DR. "From the dépō."

Doo. Waal! yes, from the dépō, I guess I am in England, and guess I am speaking English.

DR. You must mean a dépôt. You have come from some dépôt of troops, I suppose.

Doo. No, sir, I mean war the cars came to London.

DR. Cars came to London, were they Irish cars or balloon cars?

Doo. No, sir, the cars by which, I guess, I came from Liverpool to the dépôt in London.

DR. Oh, I see, you mean by the train which came from Liverpool to the Termīnus in London.

Doo. Waal, you may call it a Termīnus, or any thing you darn please, but I estimate it is jist this: You Britishers, by living so nigh to other Eurōpēan countries, haint got no native language of your own, and you will have to send to us yet, for some of the pure Anglo-Saxon. Yes-sir-ee.

DR. Ha, ha, that's a good joke, the Americans coming over here, to teach us to speak English.

J. B. (And through the nose, Cotton.) *Aside.*

Doo. Waal ! it is generally allowed we speak the best English in the world.

DR. Indeed.

J. B. You don't say so.

COT. It is generally allowed, you say.

Doo. Yes-sir-ee.

FR. I am happy to hear you speak so.

GER. Men cot, you surprise me.

LAND. I will get your luggage, sir, and the rooms ready for you all. *Exit LAND.*

(*Mr. Doodle takes a chair, and cocks his feet on the mantle-piece, and cuts off a chaw of tobacco, and then, taking up some of the kindling wood, begins to whittle ; his hat cocked on one side. The rest nudge each other and stare at him.*)

J. B. Sits down on the sofa, and, in leaning back, breaks the back of the sofa. The German sits down and breaks a chair. The Landlady says, aside, It is lucky for that Yankee that he is on one of the sound chairs. (*Exit.*) The Dr., when he sits down, sits on a sound chair.

DR. (*Aside to the rest.*) There's a Pose Plastique for you ; he looks like a contortionist tied up in a knot. Stop ; I'll get a rise out of him. I'll chaff him.

COT. No ; come to the Exhibition, and let him chew his tobacco in peace.

FR. Yes, chaffer him, Dr. (*Aside to Dr.*)

DR. Capital subject for chaff; full of raws that our authors have established on his thin skin. (*Going up to the Yankee.*) Hem! you must have the gout very bad in your feet; do you find that position relieves you?—(*the rest listen and wink at each other.*)

Doo. No-sir-ee, thars no gout in these diggings, Mister.

DR. Oh! I beg pardon. I thought from your having your feet so high you had the gout in them. I also put my foot up on a chair when I have the gout; this way (*sits down by him*), but not so high as that.

Doo. I guess, my feet being cocked up ant a miracle to make you stare so: 'taint nothing out of the common; the majority of our citizens dū the ditto.

DR. They dū the ditto (*mimics him*), do they? pray what country is that?

Doo. Waal, I guess it is in the U-nited States.

DR. Oh! in the U-ni-ted States; it is a great country, is it not?

Doo. Yes, sir; it is generally allowed to be the greatest country in all creation.

DR. Indeed! Wonderful the progress of your country, and the increase of your population.

Doo. Yes, sir; I gist calculate, that by the next census, that our people will so have increased, that their weight will tilt th'airth, right clean slick on one side, and then we shall monopolise the greatest portion of God's sunshine. Yes-sir-ee.

DR. Ha, ha ! you will then be of some weight among the nations of the earth.

FRENCH. Vey you will distroy the balance of power. (*Cot. J. B. and Ger. all make exclamations.*)

Doo. Yes-sir-ee ; we are a progressive people, and turn all creation to account.

DR. There is one part of creation your newspapers often turn to account.

Doo. Waal ! what part do you indicate, strānger ?

DR. Why, the sea serpent, they often turn that part of creation to account. (*The rest laugh.*)

Doo. I should jist like, Mister, to see you dispute the veracity of one of our editors tu home ; you would find yourself up a tree, quicker than ever coon was afore.

DR. I don't for a moment doubt the authenticity of their accounts ; I would as soon doubt the existence of the sea serpent.

Doo. Strānger, I calculate, you are one of those smart kind of coons that would undertake to hive mosquitoes, and larn them to make honey. (*The rest, Ha, ha ! he had the Dr. there.*)

DR. Ha, ha ! you flatter me : I don't think I am smart enough to teach, or, as you term it, larn mosquitoes to make honey. You flatter me.

Doo. "Flatter you," now dū tell, waal ! you are the first smooth furred animal I ever seed, that would purr when you stroked his skin agin the grain. (*Rest. Ah, ha, he had him again !*)

DR. (Bother the fellow, I have caught a Tartar).

*Aside.* My dear Sir, my inventive powers cannot devise any plan to teach mosquitoes to make honey, though you might; I hear you are a very inventive people. I saw an account in one of your papers, that a Yankee had taken out a patent, to take the noise out of thunder.

Doo. Waal! I guess Mister that ant more difficult than to git the sense out of some folk's remarks.

*The rest.* (Ha, ha, he had the Dr. there again.)

DR. (Devil take the fellow, he is getting the best of me, I know his weak point though. I'll try him on his peculiar institutions.) *Aside.* You didn't flatter me then, Sir, but still I am a great admirer of your country. I admire the railroad speed at which you progress.

Doo. Railroad speed, Mister; Waal, that might seem some fast to you Britishers, but let me tell you that aint speed tu a native born American, no how, for if a native born American was mounted astride of a streak of lightning he would stick in the spurs, and whip up, yes-Sir-ee.

OMNES. Ha, ha! (DR. what a jolly exaggerator.)  
FRENCH, *Quelle fantasie d' immagination*)

DR. Then you are not satisfied with the common lightning speed in your country?

Doo. No, Sir; and that's the reason we grease it —yes, Sir. (OMNES. Ha, ha!)

DR. Well, Mr. Doodle, are you going to have an Exhibition in your country?

Doo. Yes, Sir; I calculate we will.

DR. Will it be a large one?

DOO. Waal! I estimate it will, for Barnum is a gwine to buy yourn to put inside ourn, as a model of an English Exhibition.

OMNES. Ha, ha! (That's the biggest of the lot.) *Aside.*

DR. Wonderful work of art, the Greek Slave by Power, a most promising artiste.

DOO. Yes, Sir; he is prehaps, one of our most remarkable men.

DR. (Now I'll pass an old joke on him.) *Aside.*  
Yes, but he is a great rogue.

DOO. No,-Sir-ee. He is a most honourable and elegant gentilman.

DR. No, he is not; "for he chiselled the Greek slave out of her clothes."

OMNES. Ha, ha! a sell, Mr. Doodle.

DOO. I estimate your a coon, that could out-grin David Crockett, and he had the Devil's assurance and his own.

DR. Ha, ha! you flatter me, I shall consider myself, "one of our most remarkable men," by the bye, I know that your orators are generally allowed to be the most remarkable men. Are your statesmen remarkable men?

DOO. Yes, Sir; they are generally allowed to be the most remarkable men on God's airth.

DR. Ha, indeed! Are they immaculate?

DOO. Waal! I guess they are as immaculate as yourn.

DR. Ah! I dare say, both are as immaculate as

pie-bald horses, and that's an opinion very prevalent at present, and has been much drumm'd (Drummond) on.

COT. (horrid, horrid) *aside*.

DR. But speaking of the Greek slave, why did Power sculpture a Greek slave? when he had so many nigger models at home to study from.

Doo. Strānger, let me īndicāte to you, that we allow no allusions, or any interventions, with our peculiar domestic īstītūtions.

DR. (*Aside.*) I have him now, I have touched his raw. I have hit the tendon Achillis.

DR. Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons. I would not for the world intrude upon your domestic privacy, it was mere chaff of mine.

Doo. Chaff of yourn, waal I estimate its sarse, and I takes no man's sarse alive. No-Sir-ee.

DR. Chaff, I assure you; I thought you were a most chaffy people, ever since I read your Declaration of Independence.

Doo. Our Declaration of Independence, chaff! No-Sir-ee. It is generally allowed to be the greatest emanation of human wisdom, on God's airth.

DR. The devil it is, it begins thus, I think, "all men are born free and equal."

Doo. Yes-Sir-ee, those identical words.

DR. Well, if they did not mean to chaff their nigger slaves when they wrote those words, then I am no judge of chaff.

Doo. Oh, H—,\* (in his excitement he tilts over his chair, on which he has been see-sawing, and rolls on the floor. On getting up, he is going to attack the Dr. when the rest interfere, and the Landlady rushes in, and expostulates with them, not to make a disturbance in her house.)

Doo. I take no man's sarse alive. You must apologize or fight. Yes-Sir-e e, liquor or fight.

J. B. I am sure the Dr. meant nothing personal by his remarks.

DR. No, nothing personal to you or any man alive, when I said your Declaration of Independence was chaff, or if I had said, your slavery is a crime justified neither by God or man.

J. B. There, the Dr. has apologized in the most handsome and Parliamentary manner.

COT. Yes, in true Parliamentary style.

FRENCH. (Quell drolle apology. He repeat the insult) aside.

GER. Ich am surprised with that apology.

Doo. Waal; strāanger, if you say you mean nothing personal to any man, by the remarks you made, and if you will allow I am a man, I guess I must accept your Parliamentary apology, as these Gentlemen consider it the proper one.

DR. Oh yes, the apology is perfectly orthodox, you can hear them any night you go down to the House, especially if there is an Irish question going on.

J. B. Yes, it is quite Parliamentary. Come, come,

\* Oh H—, is a very common exclamation when an American is angered.

let us have no quarrelling, especially during the Exhibition time, when all nations meet as a band of brothers. (OMNES. Hear, hear.) Well, then, come let us go to the Exhibition.

DR. Stop a moment; I nearly forgot the latch-key. Mrs. Extra, I must have a latch-key.

LAND. (I have him now.) *Aside.* Oh, Sir! we have only one for the use of the 'ouse. We sit up for lodgers; there has been so many burglaries of late.

DR. "Burglaries of late," I know that; and worse than that, *why a gang was caught in the act of breaking into our church, and the skeleton keys of St. Peter were found upon their persons.* Were they not, Mr. Bull?

J. B. Yes; and I wonder what their assurance will do next.

DR. (Didn't I get a splendid rise out of the Yankee; there is nothing I can't get a rise out of.) *Aside to J. B.* Now then, Mrs. Extra, "the 'ouse-latch." I won't move from this chair (*sits down*) until I have the latch-key. (*The chair breaks, and the DR. rolls on the floor; the rest laugh.*)

J. B. I say, Dr., you didn't get a rise out of that chair. Did you? (OMNES. Ha, ha.)

DR. Sham breakage. I won't pay for that glued-up chair. Now for the latch-key. (*The LANDLADY gives it to him.*) Now, then, for the Exhibition, like a band of brothers. Come, Cousin Jonathan, will you take my arm? and you, Mr. Bull, will take your neighbour Crapeau's arm.

J. B. With all my heart.

COT. May I have the pleasure, Meinheer.  
*(Offers his arm to the German.)*

DR. Now, this is the way the world ought to progress, arm in arm, instead of cutting each other's throats for the balance of power and protection of holy places. (OMNES. Hear, hear.) Now for the Exhibition. Good day, Mrs. Extra ; you need not sit up for me, I have the "ouse-latch."

*(Exit OMNES, except LANDLADY.)*

LAND. I don't like that Dr. in my house, he has not been in five minutes and he has got up a row ; too much of the medical student about him. I had a Sawbones once in my ouse ; and he used to come ome, and bring a lot of others with him, and they would yell till they brought the sut down the chimney. I believe he was a body-snatcher. Well, I am nearly full ; I have only one bed to let, and that one in the same room as the American gent. (*Rap, rap, ra, ra, rap.*) Here is another Hexibitionist. I wonder from what country he comes. I should not be surprised to see the King of the Cannibal Islands walk in. Now for it, hairy and cheerful apartments. (*Opens the door. Enter GUMBO JUMBO.*) An Ethiopian serenader (*aside*).

JUMBO. Good day, Missus, I want to hab lodgings in dis house—yes, I do.

LAND. I am very full, sir. I have only one bed to let, sir.

JUMBO. Waal, Missus, let me hab him ; I am nearly tired to defth wid looking for de lodgings, and I hab to go now, and dine wid tree white mis-

sionaries, to splain to dem de location of de mission. I want to get up in de Mountains of de Moon, at de unknown sources of de Nile. I flatter myself, Missus, it will be de most distant mission dat am yet got up; yes, I do.

LAND. La! how very distant. (So he is no Ethiopian serenader but a Missionary. I will let him the other bed with the American gent.) (*Aside.*)

JUMBO. Waal, missus, can I hab de bed? I am in great hurry to dine wid de tree white Missionaries; dey am all white, yes, dey am.

LAND. Yes, Sir, you can have this bed, very hairy and cheerful. Another gentilman has taken the other bed.

JUMBO. Am de odder gentilman a white man?

LAND. Yes, Sir, he is.

JUMBO. Den I hab no 'jection to take de odder bed, in de same room; how much, missus?

LAND. Four guineas, Sir.

JUMBO. Four guineas, you charge de poor Missionary four guineas, who hab come all de way from de United States, by de way ob Canada, to get up a Mission in de Mountains ob de Moon. (I'll gib dis woman a little camp meeting preach.) *Aside.* Ah, I know by de kind hart, dat shine in de white ob your eye, you 'scribe to de Mission; you will gib unto de Lord. In de distant land ob America, I hab heard of de great sympafy, dat your people take in de distant Missions, and I am going dis verry night, wid de tree white Missionaries, to de Exeter Hall, to 'splane to dem de location ob de Mission. Yes,

Missus, to de Exeter Hall, dat great mart that dispence de sympathies of de great English people to de uttermost parts of de earth, and I, a poor humble individual, am come to help dem in dat great dispensation. You can not hab the heart to charge me so much for lodging when I come to assist in de dispensation of your sympathies.

LAND. I am much obliged, Sir, to you for the hoffer of your assistance, but I know well enough where to dispense them ; I have only to look into the street, to find plenty of objects, without looking to the Mountains of the Moon among the unknown sources of the Nile. The lodgings is four guineas, and I can't take less this Hexhibition time.

JUMBO. (Gor Amighty, dis old woman am a supporter of de home charities, I must change de current of her sympathies.) *Aside.* And hab you no sympathies for de poor Africans in benighted and heathen darkness ; no sympathies for de poor slaves in bondage ? I want to put de sympathies ob de great English people, on de right track, and not increase de horrors ob de Slave Trade. Why, afore you undertook to stop de Slave Trade, (dat was when dey catch me on de Guinea Coast,) den dey took me obber de Middle Passage, wid plenty ob room, and plenty to eat and drink—but now, since you English people and de rest declared de Slave Trade piracy, dey now cram a big nigger into a place war dar aint room for a piganinny. Why, dat declaration ob yours, dat de Slave Trade was piracy, had

gist de same effect on de packing of a cargo of slave; as de drawlic press hab on de cotton bales when dey come from de plantation to be shipped, de cargo of slaves was squorzed, like de cotton bales, into a piganinny jam on dar shipping dem. Yaas, dat declaration sound mighty fine to de world, but him hab created de greatest horrors ebber known to de poor slaves.

LAND. La, bless me, but they meant well.

JUM. Yaas, I tink dat; but when folks indulge in dar sympathies, and in dar charities, dey ought to see dat dey do some practical good, or dey hab no business to indulge in dem; dey were not gibben to us to squander, and please de fancies, jist as de ladies do wid dar pin money. As long as dey do dat, de sympathy mongers will bring out new tings for de sympathy pin money ebberry season, jist as de jewellers bring out new trinkets for de ladies, Eha, Eha! Yaas, de misdirection ob de sympathies, am jist like putting de cotton into a bad cotton gin; dey don't separate de cotton from de seed, it hab all to be done obber agin. Yaas, your sympathizers hab all been gibbing tongue on de back tract — you nebber tree a coon dat way, no how, no you don't.

LAND. Indeed, Mr. Jumbo, what ought they to have done?

JUM. Why, dis; when dey found dat dey could not stop de horrors ob de Slave Trade, but only increase them, then as they had declared the Slave Trade piracy, dey ought to hab strung up to de

mast head de captain, de mate, and de cook, of ebbery slaver dat dey catch ; but you had not de moral courage to string up one. So your declaration of the Slave Trade being piracy, was jist like a Pope's Bull, now a days, all fulmination, all tunder and sheet lightning, and de coloured race am berry much obliged to you for dat declaration.

LAND. La, bless me, and they never condemned a single Slave Trader.

JUM. No, not one ; dey only condemn de ship, and de slavers don't care for de loss of dem, when dey make 300 per cent by one cargo ; but if dey am to lose dar lives, dey tink twice afore dey run a cargo ob slaves. You hab done some good, though, you hab been de cause of de finest clipper ships in de world being built for the Slave Trade—Eha, Eha, dat's all.

LAND. La, bless me, is that all?

JUM. Yaas ; den agin, when you liberated de slaves in de West Indies, through de agitation of de mortgages (who got most of de money in dar pockets) de Government promised to put a duty on slave grown sugar ; I did den tink dar was some chance for de poor African ; but when de Government broke him promise, and I heerd dat de Exeter Hall folks went home, and sweetened dar tea with slave grown sugar, den my heart sunk, and den I saw de fallacy of trusting to dem folks for any practical good—yaas, to dem teoretical philanthropists. I seed 'twas all shucks,\* and I tink de

\* Shucks, the husk of the Indian corn.

most of dem Howlers (especially dem Bolishonist Howlers in de United States) hab about as much sympathy for de poor Africans, as village curs hab for de moon when dey howl at him, but I suppose it gib dem citement.

LAND. La, bless me, I thought their sympathies were now daily liberating thousands.

JUM. Eha, Eha, I see Missus, dat you am fond ob your joke. Why dey do more harm dan good ; for it am jist dis—you hab not now to dictate to a small island like Jamacy, and de odder ones, wid only 800,000 slaves, but you am now dictating to de planters ob Cuba, wid nearly a million ob slaves, and ob Brazils wid 2,050,000, and fresh ones landing ebbery day,\* and wid all dar means ob libbing depending on de slaves ; and you am also dictating to a race dat take no dictation, de American planters, wid nearly four million ob slaves. Am you prepared to buy four million ob slaves? and you nebber free dem widout, let me tell you dat ; for I hab been a slave dar, and I know what dey say, and what dey tink, I hab heerd dem talk de Slavery question obber while dey was sucking dar julips, jist as I heer de gentilmen in dis country talk obber de condition of de poor, while dey am drinking dar port wine, Eha, Eha.

LAND. Indeed, Mr. Jumbo ; and what do they say ?

JUM. Waal, dis ; “ I guess dem Britishers must

\* There have been 8,999 slaves landed in Cuba during the present year. See Times paper, July 4th, 1853.

take our citizens for most ebberlasting tarnation big fools when dey ask us to free our niggers; de old coon has got his West Indy Island into a most ebberlasting fix, and he thinks to get us into the ditto. I wonder what a Jamacy plantation would realize if sot up to auction now-a-days —I guess it won't pay the expences of inflating the auctioneer's bellows. And the tarnal old coon thinks he can induce us to try the experiment with the encouragement of his failure. A coon aint likely to put his paw into a gin, when he see another wriggling in the fix. I reckon thar historian, Mr. Alison, spoke as nigh the truth as a historian can, when he said, 'The proprietors of those noble colonies were ruined, their affections alienated, and the authority of the mother country preserved only by the terror of arms.' And, I guess, we aint a gwine to get our cotton crops into any worse fix, than the weather and money market can put them into. We estimate it is a sufficiently precarious crop without a lot of foreign sympathizers a walking into like a blight of ball worms."\* They should jist like to see any forin powers, or potentates, a making any intervention with thar peculiar domestic institutions, or thar northern mortgagees, or trying to git up a Bolishonist movement in the Northern States, they would bust the Union up, or have their niggers and their rights. Let them look tu home, and they will

\* A worm which they call Ball worms destroy the cotton crop at certain seasons of the year.

find that they have skunks enough of their own to skin.\*

LAND. La, Mr. Jumbo, but won't the American slaveholders liberate their slaves for the sake of conscience?

JUM. Eha, eha, Lord sakes a massy, Missus, "Liberate dar slaves for de sakes of consence." Waal dat am a good one, do you expect dat?

LAND. They hought to, and carry out the principles of justice.

JUM. You tink so; do you know any tink of human nature of de present day, Missus?

LAND. I hought to, for I see a good deal of it a letting lodgings, (and I have some queer specimens now in my ouse). *Aside.*

JUM. Waal den, Missus, I will appeal to your human nature on de principles you advocate. Well, now den, for de sake of conscience, will you let me have dat bed for a guinea a week, insted of de four guineas you hab ax me, and it am a fair price?

LAND. La, Mr. Jumbo, it his Hexibition time.

JUM. Den you wont let me have de bed, at a fair price, for de sakes of conscience?

LAND. I tell you it is Hexibition time, and lodgings are in great demand.

JUM. Exebition time! Yaas it am, and no mistake, so it am, Exebition time with the slave holders, and slaves am in great demand; and I should like to

\* Skunks, the American pole-cat.

know de time it hab not been Exebition time wid you white folks when de African ax for any ting, when dey hab to lodge wid you. It am Exebition time wid de Anglo-Saxon race, Exebition time wid de Spanish, Exebition time wid de Dutch, Exebition time wid de whole race of Japhet, but a time ob hell wid de race of Ham.

LAND. La, Mr. Jumbo, I hope we are not so bad as that.

JUM. Den why you make the race of Ham pay so dear for him airthly lodgings?

LAND. La, Mr. Jumbo, what would you have us do?

JUM. I know wat, but I know jist as well dat you wont, and dat you could not do so practically, if you tried, unless de Melenium should come all of a heap.

LAND. La, and what is that, pray?

JUM. Why dis first. Stop all de slave-grown sugar, and sweten your tea wid free-grown sugar.

LAND. Why sugar is now very dear.

JUM. But at de same time you sweeten your tea wid free-grown sugar, you sweeten your conscience, dat's worth something anyhow, aint him?

LAND. Why, yes, yes, certainly; but both tea and sugar are very dear now.

JUM. aside. (It am Exebition time wid dat old old woman and no mistake.)

LAND. And what else would you have us do, Mr. Jumbo?

JUM. Why let ebbery free-born Briton wear

free-grown cotton clothing, and den I will look on dem as men and breddering; I nebber look on a white man in a cotton shirt as a man and a brodder.

LAND. La, will people do so? Do the Exeter Hall people do so?

JUM. Eha, eha, I tink not; but I will jist ax dat at de next Anti-slavery Meeting dey hold, yaas; but if you great English people would only do wat I once hurd a Yankee Bolishonist orator say in Boston, you would acquire imperishable fame.

LAND. Indeed, what was it?

JUM. Why, jist dis: "If de English people, if their proud aristocracy (with their Queen, Mrs. Victoria)\* would but clad themselves in free-grown rayments, for the sake of conscience, for the sake of the great and everlasting principles of freedom, they would have the proudest page in dar history ever nation had or ever will have; prouder dan when she shed her best blood for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre; prouder than when the lion heart of old England had twice the couched lance of mail despotism shivered on her justice-clad breast, striking to earth, with her battle-axe of freedom, the despots who dared assail her God-protected arm. But where is now the lion heart of old England? Does it throb loudest when the guineas gingle, or when freedom calls? Let her rouse herself, and clothe herself in rayments grown

\* The author has often been asked the question in America, "Waal, how many children has your Queen, Mrs. Victoria, got now?"

and woven by the just and God-ordained toil of freemen, and then each of her sons so clad will have a winding sheet that will be spotless when the angels unshroud him for judgment."

LAND. La bless me, Mr. Jumbo, and do you think they will do that?

JUM. No, not unless de Melenium come all ob a heap. No, de fact is, de Africans are in a regular fix ; for wat wid Massa Pound here, and Massa Dollar, and Massa Doubloon dar ; he git all de rate of change agin him. He am in a most ebber-lasting snarl ; for, on de African working himself to def, depends 1000 tons a day of cotton coming to dis country, which you make worth 60,000,000 a year, den 800,000 tons ob shipping am employed, 250,000 barrels of flour (worth half a million) used in de bleaching, and nearly 2,000,000 of your white niggers depend on de slave-grown cotton for dar existence ; yat, in de face of dese facts, dar am a set of folks who ax de planters in America to liberate, all ob a heap, nearly 4,000,000 of slaves. I should jist like to see de state ob de Cotton Market, if dat happened ; dey wont risk it, not dey, taint human nature, (at least of de present day.) Why, de Bolishonist might jist as well meet at Exeter Hall now, and ax all you lodging-house keepers to charge de usual price during de Exebition time, as to ax de slaveholders to liberate dar slaves at once.

LAND. Indeed, do you think so ? (then God help de poor nigger). *Aside.*

JUM. Yaas, and dem sympafyzers do our people

a deal ob harm, for dey git up a lot ob horrors, and pitch dem in de teeth of de planters, den de planters git up a lot ob horrors about your people, and pitch dem back agin ; and what good does de African git out of dis mutual show up of your horrors ?—noting, only him git jamed in tighter among de Icebergs of mutual crimination ; yaas, it am a regular North West Passage, dat de poor nigger has to find out for him deliverance ; and I tink if de people ob common sense do not fit out some expedition for him deliverance, him emancipation will come about de same time dey find de North-west passage.—Yes, I do.

LAND. La, bless me, Mr. Jumbo, but I thought the Exeter Hall people had taken their emancipation in hand.

JUM. Waal, dar am no accounting for de sumption of some folks ; dar am some folks, dat say dat dey am de only medium of de spirit rappers, and let demselves out at so much an hour (I tink I'll sit myself up as a medium.) *Eha. Aside.*

LAND. La bless me, the Exeter Hall people are not the medium of spirit rappers, are they ?

JUM. Waal, I haint heerd dey am dat, yet.

LAND. La, Mr. Jumbo, but what is to be done for the deliverance of the poor slaves in America ?

JUM. Waal, Missus, de only practical ting I can see now am jist dis, and I don't tink de planters can hab de face to deny dem dis privilege, for dey say dey am quite willing to git rid ob slavery, if dey can see any practical way ob getting out of it,

ater you hab established de institutions of Slavery among dem—dat is what dey always say.

LAND. Indeed, and what is it, Mr. Jumbo.

JUM. Why dis, gib de slaves de privilege, by law, ob buying dar freedom at a fixed price; say \$500, nebber more, and less if de slave am not worth dat, (dis is a privilege dey hab in de Island of Cuba) and when dis appeal am made to de Americans, de world will see if dey am as generous as de Cubans. Den again, let dem hab de privilege of buying de freedom ob all unborn children, say for \$25 (dis am also a privilege dey hab in Cuba), and den does, who hab any lub for dar children, will buy dar freedom, den after a certain time all dat are born am to be free, and dey am not to go on breeding slaves, which am as great a crime as importing dem. Den again, de negroes who buy dar freedom, say for \$500 will be fitted for freedom, and can take care ob demselves, (most ob de common niggers cant, and dats a fact). *Aside.* Den again I should like dem, not to separate man and wife, by selling dem away from each odder—but I fear dey wont do dat, for dar am no end of first rate fresh Cotton Lands to be broken up in Texas, and dey take de strong men dar, and leave de women behind. Yaas, if dey will only gib de Africans dese privileges, den you will see de energy wid which dey will work to free demselves,\* and if him won't work

\* Thousands of slaves do now, (at high prices,) out of their savings from extra work and the garden produce of the land allowed each slave.

for him freedom, den him had better remain a slave -- den we may see how much money de Bolishonist of de North will advance as loans to de good negroes to buy dar freedom, dat dey may send dem out to Liberia as missionaries, to prepare de way for de regeneration of Africa. But now, slavery in America am slavery without redemption ; de better de slave de more dey ask for him--why, dey once ax for me \$1500, I was such first-rate barber, dat I could shave de hollow cheek of a dispeptic Yankee widout putting my finger in him mouth to make de cheek smooth, Eha, Eha. No, let dem gib us a chance, gib us some hope of freedom ; den when we am free, dey can make it a condition dat we leave de country, or stop as slaves again after a certain time--and de sooner de two races part, de better ; dey can't lib togeder as brodders, dat I know, from my own bitter experience--no, not until dey can prove dat black am white. Yaas, it am de only practical chance de Africans hab ; tain't no kinder of use de preaching ob 'mediate 'mancipation in de United, ('cept for political purposes,) cose de dollar lubbing North (to whom a heap ob de slaves and plantations am mortgaged), and de cotton growing South, who supply all your manufacturing white niggers wid cotton to spin, will nebber put dar hands in dar fobs to pay for nearly four million ob slaves--I know dem, and I can vouch for dat. No, de only ting you can do now, am to set about de civilization of de African coast, and get dem to grow cotton, and den you

will be independent of the Americans for cotton, and dat make dem brag and bully in dar papers—for dey say, “I guess old John Bull can’t jist afford to stop his spinning jennys and throw about a million and a half of his white niggers out of employ; for if he does, I guess he will find (that although his old gum stump has stood the last tu revolutionary harricanes) he will find the old gum stump roots above ground, in dat ar domestic tornado.”

LAND. La, bless me, and are we so dependent on them?

JUM. Yaas, Missus, and dat is de reason I am come obber here, to set de missions agwine, for de Christianity of de Africans, and de growing ob cotton dar; and if you great English people don’t set about dat mighty quick, you will hab to eat no end ob humble pie, on de account ob does spinning jennys, let me tell you dat. But now, Missus, I must go, and will gib you anodder time de history ob my life in slavery, how dey catch me on de Guinea Coast, how dey take me to Cuba, and how I draw a prize ticket in de lottery dar,\* and buy my freedom, and den I ship myself to Domingo, but I was wrecked on de Carolina Coast, and dey trow me in gaol, and den sell me to pay gaol fees.

LAND. La, bless me, what injustice.

\* One, to have any idea of the amount of white in a negro’s eye, must see them watching the drawing of a lottery in Havanna when their liberty depends upon it.

JUM. Yaas, it was, and dey ought to alter dat law ; waal den, I run away, dey chase me wid Cuba bloodhound, and dey mighty nigh about catch me, for I hab jist swim de creek\* and treed (for I was tired to def) when de hound, as he was swimming obber, was grabbed by an alligator, and drawn right slick undder de water, and dey loose de trail ob me.

LAND. La, bless me, what a narrow escape.

JUM. Yaas, I ebber thank my stars for dat deliverance (and specially de alligator). *Aside.* I tink of publishing my 'scapes from slavery, in a little shilling book, to show you English people what me suffer (anyting about de niggers pay now, I cook dem up for dem). *Aside.*

LAND. Indeed ? I should like to hear them—and what became of you after you escaped from the bloodhound ?

JUM. Waal, den I got to de Mormon camp, and help Joe Smif to build de New Jerusalem.

LAND. "Help Joe Smith to build the New Jerusalem !" who is Joe Smith ?

JUM. Joe Smif ? Eha, Eha. Waal, Joe Smif am a kinder Yankee Mahoment dat went out West, as de Yankee say, and "He skeered up, prē-haps, jist a little the most almighty big kind ob religion you ebber seed, with an increased amount of damnation, and proportionate rewards and joys."

LAND. La, bless me, what are their doctrines ?

\* Small stream.

JUM. Eha, Eha ! Waal, I should say faith in Joe Smif dar profet, and a plurality ob wives.

LAND. Faith in Joe Smith and a plurality of wives? why, it is a bigmamy religion, like the Turks.

JUM. Yaas, it am, and dat Joe Smith was de greatest glutton for spiritual wives I ebber seed.

LAND. Spiritual wives ! la, bless me, what sort are they ?\*

JUM. Waal, it was a kinder privilege dar Prophet hab, and also de Elders, to have spiritual wives, besides dar own genuwine wives, when ebber dey hab a call from de Lord. Why, bless you, Missus, I hab seen a Elder gwine to Church wid a waggon load ob spiritual wives, and each wid a young Prophet in her lap—Eha, Eha.

LAND. La, bless me, what Un-Christian Turks ; and what did you do there ?

JUM. Waal, as dey did not make me an Elder dar, but worked me nearly to def, a toteing† mortar and bricks to build de New Jerusalem, I sloped for de Free States, and got at last to New York, arter being twice blown up on steamboats, and tree times upset in de railway cars, by running obber cows.

LAND. La, bless me, what escapes you have had (this is a most interesting person, and so black). *Aside.*

\* See Dublin Review, Oct. 1852.

† “Toteing,” carrying; a Western word.

JUM. Oh, yaas Missus, I got at last to de free State ob New York, and dar I hab a call from de Lord, and took to preach.

LAND. Indeed ! and at last you enjoyed free and equal liberty.

JUM. Waal, Missus, I jist calculate it am about as queer a kind ob free and equal liberty dar, as am to be found on airth ; and dar am some queer specimens gwine now-a-days, I guess.

LAND. Indeed, why so ?

JUM. Why, dis ; if I go to Church, dey put me in separate place for de blacks ; if I go to the theatre, dey do all de same ; if I want to git into an omnibus (when tired) dey say, "Get away, black man." Bless you, Missus, it am all talk, all jaw-bone.

LAND. Indeed ! and what became of you, then ?

JUM. Waal, de bolishonist kicked up such an ebberlasting fuss, 'bout 'mediate 'mancipation, dat de Southern planters got dar dander up, and dey jist up, and telled de North, if dey din't pass de Fugitive Slave Law Bill, dey would bust up de Union of de United States.

LAND. Fugitive Slave Law, what is that ?

JUM. Waal, Missus, a bill by which de Souther slaveholders could catch dar runaway negroes ; so dat bill, when him pass, din't jist exactly suit dis child's complexion—Eha, Eha. So I made tracks wid hot foot for de Canadas—I did jist travel, and no mistake, when, one day, I seed the Bolishonist tu

Bostin, offer up prayers for de deliverance of a fugitive slave, instead ob dollars.\*

LAND. Indeed, about time, I should say.

JUM. So I tought—and in Canada I meet a lot of fugitives, and dar, I hear of de great sympathy for de negroes in dis country, which am an honour to you great English people; and if dey will only set about de liberation of de slaves in some practical way, dey will reap dar reward. And I am come to assist dem to get up missions in Africa, and to grow cotton dar, so dat you will be independent ob de Americans for your cotton. Waal, now Missus, I know dat you sympathize wid de poor Africans in dar struggle for liberty.

LAND. Oh yes, Sir, I have plenty of sympathy for them, (that costs me nothing.) *Aside.* But you will excuse me, Sir, this his Hexibition time, and I have a great deal of work to do. Will the lodgings do, Sir?

JUM. (Dat old woman aint sich fool as she look.) *Aside.* Waal, missus, I suppose “I must gib way to de necessity of de case,” as de possum said, when him gum stump was flooded by de ribber, Eha, Eha. I hab no time to look for cheaper lodgings, so I take dese, but I will talk to you about my poor benighted breddering when I come from de Hall to-night, whar I am going to splane my mission, and get him up.

\* This really did happen at Boston, the account of which the author saw in the papers.

LAND. I hope you will succeed.

JUM. Yaas, so does I, and I hope soon to get to my own country agin, war my fader de king lib.

LAND. Your father, the king, lives!

JUM. Yaas, do you tink dar am no kings of colour, yaas dar am, I hab royal blood in my veins, yaas I hab, I am first chop harrystocracy in my own country, (dat I am told is de weak pint of common folks in dis country.) *Aside.*

LAND. (He an harristocrat indeed.) *Aside.*

JUM. Waal, I must go now, missus, if I am time to dine, wid de tree white missionaries, dey am all white, yaas dey am. Good day, missus, I will see you to-night, after de meeting at Exeter Hall; good day, missus. *(Exit.)*

LAND. Ha, ha, he a harristocrat, indeed; he may be in his own country, but he is not in this. No, nature never intended him for one, I am sure. Well, what will pride and conceit bring us to? Why, if that nigger stops long in this country, and dines wid tree white men [*mimics him*] often, he will swear his reflexion is white when he looks in the glass. Well, I am full now, every bed let, I must get my dinner, and then get the rooms ready agin the lodgers come home to-night; I feel a presentiment, some how, that that DR. will kick up some shindy in my house yet. I wonder if I have done wrong in letting the other bed to a black man in the same room with the American Gent. Well, I must have some dinner. *(Exit. Curtain falls.)*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Landlady sitting up for her lodgers and darning  
her stockings; rushlights for lodgers on side  
table.*

LAND. Well, Betty his took sick with the typus fever, and here I has to sit up for the lodgers. Now, that is the fourth servant that has had the typus in this ouse ; it all comes of those drains, and churchyards, and the Smithfield market. They do say they are going to remove it, but my poor husband said they never would, case the corporation had a vested interest in it, and it was like consecrated ground ; they dare not touch it ; he ought to know, as he was a Common-councilman. Well, thank goodness, three of my lodgers his come in, but all of them a little the worse for liquor. Ah ! it seems to me, that people of all nations are in the habit of taking a little too much to drink. How that Frenchman was full of the Professor of Barricades, and wanted to explain to the German the best way to make barricades. The German said he would have nothing to do with them, and that England was a nest where all the revolutionary cuckoos of Europe

lay their eggs, and that old England was a fool to allow foreigners to come the cuckoo over them. The German seemed a quiet and well-disposed person. Ah! and poor Mr. Bull, he seemed very much cut up at the indefinite manner his Member spoke. He said, "the country was going to the devil, and nothing would save it, but a wool league, that every man, woman, and child, should wear wool, that he saw nothing but starvation staring him in the face." Vell, he is the fattest sorrow I have seen for a long while. Oh dear, "we all has our rewerses," as the Alderman's turtle said when they turned him on his back afore they made soup of him. Oh dear, I wish the rest would come home, especially that Doctor; I feel nervous about that Doctor, he puts me so in mind of the medical students. What a lot of funny parcels his friend, Mr. Cotton, has had sent for him, on the floor there. (*Points at them.*) I hopes there is no infernal machine among them, in these here revolutionary times and with so many foreigners over here, one suspects every teapot to be an infernal machine. I wish the DR. was in bed, but he has the latch-key, and I never knew a latch-key to keep good hours yet. I feel very lonely. (*Goes for brandy bottle in the cupboard [rap, rap], takes a hurried swallow, and puts it away.*) La! I hope that is the Doctor. (*Puts on more coffee and opens the door.*) They will smell the drain, if it warn't for the smell of coffee. (*Enter Mr. Doodle.*)

Doo. Waal! I guess you haint got to bed yet.

LAND. You may be sure of it, for here I am. I guess he has been drinking (*aside*). (*Mr. Doodle takes a fresh chaw, and throws away his cigar*.) There's a spittoon, Mr. Doodle, for you; I hope you have spent a pleasant evening, Mr. Doodle?

Doo. Waal! I guess I have, I took a *loaf*.

LAND. Took a loaf, sir, what do you mean?

Doo. Waal! we call it taking a loaf, when a fellow has nothing on airth tū dū, but smoke, whistle, whittle, spit, or chaw.

LAND. La! oh, now I see.

Doo. Waal, marm, you know I was jest in that ar identical fix, arter dinner; so I took a loaf down to a ninepin alley (which the enterprise of one of our citizens has set up in your city), to get a smile of bitters, and a suck of julips.

LAND. "Smile of bitters, and a suck of julips;" what do you mean, sir?

Doo. Oh, get out; haint you heerd of our drinks; they are generally allowed to be the best in the world.

LAND. La, no! what are they?

Doo. Waal, our cock-tails, gin-slings, brandy-smashes, phlegm-cutters, antifogmatics, egg-noggs, whiskey skins, julips, cobblers, stone-fences, hurricanes, hail-storms, and icebergs.

LAND. La, what a variety; and they must be very cool.

Doo. Cool, yes, I guess, some cool and nothing

else ; per'ps jist a little the coolest things in creation, 'cept it might be the North Pole itself ; which identical pole I should jist like to have to stir my cocktails with during the dog-days. Why our iceberg drinks are so tarnal cool, that I was once drinking some out to Arkānsāws, with one of our editors, during the dog-days, when the thērmōmēter, which stood at 90° in the room, fell down to zero—we drank so many icebergs, and so tarnal quick and slick.

LAND. La, sir, indeed, Mr. Doodle, really is that true ?

Doo. Waal ! it's a fact, and nothing else ; for that ere editor's stomach was ice-bound for tū weeks ; and he had to take hot drinks for tū weeks to thaw his insides.

LAND. Oh come, Mr. Doodle, is that true ?  
Doo. Yes, marm, a fact, and nothing else ; for that ere Editor published a key to the facts, and showed the truth on it.

LAND. Indeed, how odd. I do so like to hear about forin parts, as you seem to know your country so well, did you ever meet a Mr. John Smith there ; he was a lodger of mine once ?

Doo. Waal, I guess I never met that needle of yourn in our great national haystack.

LAND. Oh, they do say he was blown up in one of your Mississippi steam-boats, which my poor husband used to say, " were like wives, a halways a blowing up." Very fond of his joke was my poor

husband. Do the steam-boats blow up there, Mr. Doodle?

Doo. Waal, I guess they dū, when they burst their bilers; but I calculate the women folks don't burst their bilers when they blow up, unless a feller sits on their safety-valve.

LAND. "Sits on their safety-valve;" pray what is that?

Doo. Waal, I jist reckon it is their tongue, which lets off a considerable quantity of the superfluous steam; and most I have met, are on the high pressure principle.

LAND. La, Mr. Doodle! you are not complimentary. Were you never blown up, Mr. Doodle?

Doo. Which by; steam-boats, or women folks?

LAND. I mean by steam-boat, of course.

Doo. Waal, once I was on a boat that partly blew up; and once I was blown right slick up myself, clean off the face of the airth; and I was darned near being rubbed out in that fix.

LAND. Indeed; how did it happen? I do so like to hear of forin parts. I have a nephew who tells me sich wonders when he comes home from sea. Why the last time he told me how he caught a mermaid.

Doo. Caught a mermaid! Now dū tell, how was that?

LAND. Well, he is in the packet line.

Doo. In the packet line, is he?

LAND. Yes; and he was a sailing one night off the American coast, when he saw a mermaid skim-

ming over the waves, and a huge sea-serpent after her.

Doo. A sea-serpent ater a mermaid! Waal, now, dū tell!

LAND. Yes. You know it is quite true that there is a sea-serpent; one was seen by Her Majesty's ship *Dædælus*, and the account was put down in the log-book by the officers; so it must be true; and I have the picture of it in the *Illustrated London News*. Here it is. (*Takes the Illustrated London News out of the drawer, No. 341, vol. 13, Oct. 28th, 1848, and shows it to Mr. DOODLE.*) You see it is quite true; attested by living witnesses—by British officers; and I hear that one was caught by one of your vessels; the account of it is in your papers.

Doo. Waal, I guess if your folks are smart enough to see the sea-serpent, ourn are smart enough to catch them. We aint to be beat in that line. I calculate.

LAND. Indeed, I would not have believed my nephew's account about the mermaids, unless I knew there were sea-serpents; and if there are sea-serpents, why not mermaids?

Doo. Yaas—why not one as likely as tother, I guess.—Waal, the sea-serpent was ater the mermaid; proceed.

LAND. Yes! my nephew says he has often seen sea-serpents chivying mermaids on the American coast by moonlight. Sea-serpents feed on mermaids principally; so my nephew says.

Doo. Waal, proceed—now, dū tell. Sea-serpents

feed on mermaids. Waal ! I reckon that's the reason that mermaids are so scarce.

LAND. Well, I dare say it is the reason. Well, the poor mermaid came screaming to the ship for shelter ; she sprung on the bowsprit ; the sea-serpent made a snap at her, but missed her ; but he bit off four feet of the bowsprit, and then sank. Well, then, the poor thing was so frightened, that my nephew caught her, and took her below.

Doo. Waal, proceed. (*Spits in the spittoon.*)

LAND. Well, she was very cheerful and healthy on the voyage home ; but when they sent up a rocket for a pilot, she took such a fright at the rocket, that she sprung clean out of my nephew's arms into the sea, and he never saw her again. I suppose she took the rocket for a fiery sea-serpent. Was it not a thousand pities my nephew lost her ?

Doo. Waal, I calculate it was a thousand pities, and a heap more than a thousand pities. I guess Barnum would have given him more for her alive, than he did Miss Lind, or the Woolly-horse.

LAND. Miss Lind ! who do you mean ?

Doo. Waal, the Swedish Nightingale.

LAND. Oh ! Jenny Lind !

Doo. Yaas ! I calculate that are mermaid would have beat Miss Lind or the Woolly-horse in attraction by considerable chalks.

LAND. Yes, indeed !

Doo. *Aside.* (Waal, this is the tallest snake story I ever heerd even in Virginia.) You said, marm, that your nephew was in the packet line.

LAND. Yes, certainly.

Doo. *Are you quite sure he warnt in the editorial line?*

LAND. La, bless me, no !

Doo. Waal, next time you see him, tell him to go into it, for that's his mission. *Aside.* (I wonder if this old woman has been chaffing like that coon, the Doctor, but she looks kinder earnest like.) Has that coon, the Doctor, come home yet ?

LAND. Oh no, not yet, I wish he was in.

Doo. Smart coon that Doctor ; it would be a loss of time a trying to tree him, I reckon.

LAND. Indeed, do you think so ? but, Mr. Doodle, how were you blown up, do you remember ?

Doo. Waal, I guess I dū, for I lost two very valuable boys in that blow up.

LAND. Oh, how shocking, poor things ! Were they the only children you had, Sir ?

Doo. Oh, hell ! they warnt my children ; they were two nigger boys of mine.

LAND. "Two nigger boys ;" what, slaves !

Doo. Waal, yes ; and in the same blow up I lost an elegant venture of pork, and I was darned nigh losing a screaming handsome yaller gal.

LAND. A screaming handsome yellow girl ; what do you mean ?

Doo. Waal, it was jist this, I had purchased the tū boys and the yaller gal, tu Washington, the capital of our great free country, and I was a gwine down the Mississippi in a steam boat loaded to gunale, and with a heap of freight on the upper

deck, and which was a racing another steam-boat. (*Spits.*) Waal, *I* was trading, and jist sold the yaller gal to a chubby little Frenchman, who said he wanted the gal as lady's help to his daters down tū New-Orlēāns ; those Frenchmen are for everlasting a pirootting on their tū toes ; they aint no enterprise like our native-born citizens. (*Spits.*) Waal, I knew the old coon wanted her as his bachelor help, instead of for his daters, so I asked him 1200 dollars for her ; he offered me 1000. Waal, jist then I heerd the captain go up to the eñgīnēēr and tell him to put on more steam, as the other boat was againing on us. Waal, the eñgīnēēr said it warnt safe. Waal, with that the captain walks slick off and sits down on the safty valve, and then our boat shot ahead of the other.

LAND. La, why did not the passengers stop him ?

Doo. Waal, the majority were with the captain, so he set on the safty valve.\* I calculate they would chance the blow up rather than be beat : there were about 800 humans on board, besides niggers and Irish.

LAND. 800 humans ; what do you mean ?

Doo. Waal, people, folks.

LAND. Oh, I see now, we call them human beings.

Doo. Waal, we generally call them humans, and it is generally allowed that we speak the best English in the world.

\* It seems one can do anything in America if he has the majority with him.

LAND. Indeed, I was not aware of that. *Aside.*  
(All through his nose though.)

Doo. Waal, I didn't like the fix at all, and, thinks I, a thousand dollar note is better property than a yaller gal in this fix, for jist then, I seed the ēn-gī-nēēr go up a jawing with the captain, and he was so ternal mad that he pulled out his six shooter and let drive right at the ēn-gī-nēēr.

LAND. Six shooter; what is that?

Doo. Waal, his Colt revolver: so I took the Frenchman's 1000 dollar note, and I only jist got it into my fob when the whole darned concern bust up, and we were all sky high in tū tūs—humans, niggers, Irish, and Germans; barrels of flour, pork, and molasses, demijohns of veterol, and keggs of gunpowder.\* The veterol bust among the Irish, and I never heerd sich howling in all my born days.

LAND. Oh, horrid, horrid!

Doo. *Aside.* (I guess this old woman likes to have her narves excited.) Yaas, and the keggs of gunpowder bust among the Germans, and blew them considerable higher than the rest.

LAND. Oh, how shocking; horrid!

Doo. Waal, the barrels of molasses bust all over the niggers, and the flour coming arter kivering them, they looked like so many piebald devils a-gwine up.

LAND. Oh, how shocking; horrid!

Doo. It was, prē-haps, the most everlasting, promiscuous, almighty big blow up, that you ever

\* The American steam boats have two decks, the upper decks are often loaded with flour, pork, &c.

heerd, or seed, and how I ever got out of that fix with only one wound is a most everlasting puzzle to me.

LAND. How shocking ; how was that ?

Doo. Waal, it was jist this : the first thing I seed as I was a gwine up, was the difficulty atween the captain and the ēn-gī-nēēr ; the captain was so tarnal mad that he let drive the rest of the six shooter at the ēn-gī-nēēr as he was a gwine up. Waal, the first fire hit me here, but he hit the ēn-gī-nēēr twice, for I heerd him yell ; but in coming down, I seed the engineer a hold of the captain with his bowie knife in his diggins.

LAND. Oh, dreadful ! I can't a bear to hear it.

Doo. Waal, it was kinder tragic like. I only jist seed this difficulty for a moment, for I was busy doing the ditto I seed an old Vicksburg gambler du ; he was a pulling his coat and boots off.

LAND. Pulling his coat and boots off, what for ?

Doo. Why, agin he got down into the river, to be ready for the swim.

LAND. Oh, now I see. What wonderful presence of mind.

Doo. Waal, nothing takes a Vicksburg gambler by surprise, I guess, unless it might be lynching. They lives on board the steam-boats to gamble with the passengers, and they are used to being blown up ; so I got ready for the dive down, and down I went about 40 feet under water, and agin the time I got up, I was as blown as a whale with a harpoon

in him arter his last dive, and if I haarn't a cotched hold of a drift log, I should ha been a gone coon, and then the other boat picked me up.

LAND. La, bless me, what a narrow escape ; and you lost the two boys ?

Doo. Yaas, they were rubbed out ; blown to kingdom come, with about 300 other humans. I lost 400 dollars by those boys.

LAND. *Aside.* (How callous he talks.) La, bless me, and what became of the Frenchman ?

Doo. Waal, the last I seed of him, "he was a gwining up while I was gwining down ;" \* but the yaller gal told me what became of him.

LAND. Indeed ! What ?

Doo. Oh, says she to me, Massa, when de biler blow up, me went up, up ; me tink me nebber went down ; me shut me eyes ; (women generally do when they are in a fix,) den me found mesef in de water ; den big sawyer lift me slick out.

LAND. Big sawyer lift her slick out ; what is that ?

Doo. Waal, a sawyer is jist this : a sawyer is a dead tree, with its stump ind fastened in the bed of the river, and the other ind comes out of the water, (*shows her with his stick,*) so, when the stream runs agin the tree, it presses it down under water, and then it springs out agin ; sometimes it goes up five feet out of the water, and sometimes eight feet under, see saw, so, up and down.

LAND. Oh, I see now ; how very curious.

\* This was once given in evidence on an American trial.

Doo. Waal, said the yaller gal, big sawyer lift me clean out, me stick to him like tick in dog's ear when him shake him, den me go under water; den little Frenchmans grabby my leg, and try to get on de sawyer; only room for one; me kick like colt, till me kick little Frenchman off, and den him sink.

LAND. La, how awful to struggle thus for life. How awful to be blown up.

Doo. Waal, we don't consider it exactly a joke among us, and we are pretty well used to it.

LAND. Joke, indeed, I should think not; it is awful, awful.

Doo. *Aside.* (I guess this old woman likes to have her narves excited.)

LAND. And you, what was the first thing you did, after you got on board the other boat?

Doo. Waal, the first thing, waal, I guess what a man would do, ater being so long in the water. I took prē-haps jist a little the most everlasting big drink of brandy you ever seed.

LAND. La, well, it was not unnatural, and what was the next thing you did after taking that drink of brandy?

Doo. The next thing after I took that drink, waal I took another of prē-haps the most everlasting big drink of brandy you ever seed.

LAND. *Aside.* (What an intemperate man.) Do they drink much in America?

Doo. Waal, it is generally allowed we are the hardest and fairest drinking people on airth.

LAND. *Aside.* La bless me, what don't the Yankees pride themselves on.

LAND. La! and the poor yellow girl, what became of her?

Doo. Waal, arter she had been under water about an hour, we got her off, and fetched her too.

LAND. Oh, come, Mr. Doodle, you don't expect me to believe that she was under water an hour, and then came too.

Doo. Waal now, hold on; it was jist this. It was nigh two hours afore I knew war the gal was, and then I went to her in a boat, and found her going up and down on the sawyer, first in the water, and then out, and when she came out, instead of catching her wind, to last her agin she got under water, the tarnal crittur would cry Murder, Fire, Massa, instead of holding her tongue. (Women never know when to hold their tongues.)

LAND. Come, Mr. Doodle, how can you say so?

Doo. Waal, you see, she was about one hour under water, and one out, as the sawyer went up and down.

LAND. Oh, now I see.

Doo. Waal, here she sat a straddle of the sawyer in a most amphibious kind of fix, yelling like an Indian when she came out of the water. Did you ever hear an Indian yell?

LAND. La, no; how should I, I have never been out of this country.

Doo. Waal, I don't mean to say you could hear

them clean across to this country. I an't prepared to tell sich a stretcher as that, though they do say our folks can tell some tall stories.

**LAND.** Indeed, I should think not; but do they yell loud?

**Doo.** They do jist some, and no mistake. Why, when an Indian wants to gather hickory nuts—

**LAND.** What are they?

**Doo.** Waal, nuts about as big as a walnut; and our hickory nuts are generally allowed to be the best nuts in the world.

**LAND.** (Another general allowance.) *Aside.* What don't the Yankees pride themselves on?

**Doo.** Waal, the Indian, he jist waits till they are all open with the frost, and then I have seen them jist get under a tree, a little to windward, and put his hands to his mouth, so, and then they would give prē-haps one of the most screechinest yell you ever heerd, the vibration of which on the air would rattle every ternal nut off the tree, with a considerable portion of the dead limbs, jist as if all the cannons of a 4th July\* were shot off under the tree.

**LAND.** La, bless me, what lungs they must have.

**Doo.** Waal, I guess few of those die of consumption.

**LAND.** But you got the poor yellow girl off the sawyer.

**Doo.** Yaas; but she took sick, and took a pining after her child that was sold to go south. I never

\* The 4th of July is celebrated by the Americans as the day on which they declared their independence.

knew she had a child when I purchased her. I was regular took in about that gal. I was young then, and warnt used to buying niggers. It don't du to separate mother and child ; they don't work kindly or well, for they ain't jist like young colts, which whinney and kick a few days, and then they forget all about tu home. Then again, I don't like yaller ones ; they are mighty apt to be treacherous. No; give me a regular long-heeled Guinea nigger, woolly-headed, with plenty of white in his eye, and tender on the shin, thems the sort to work ; the tarnal yaller fellows think too much, and are mighty apt to kick over the traces.

*LAND. Aside.* (How callous he talks. I fear I have done wrong in letting the other bed to a black man.)

Doo. I feel almighty dry ; hain't you got a drink in the house ; I am as dry as a swamp in the dog days.

*LAND. I'll get you some water, Mr. Doodle.*  
*Aside.* (I hope the company ain't turned off.)  
 [Exit *LANDLADY.*]

Doo. Waal, I reckon, if that old woman has swallowed half the stretchers I have told her, she must have an India-rubber stomach. What tarnal fools these Britishers are. They aint noway smart ; they'll swallow anything. I jist calculate, that we know better how to use John Bull's brains and capital than the critter does himself. We will annex him yet, I calculate, some day, if he don't keep his eye skinned. Yes, univarsal annexation

seems to be the manifest destiny of our great country. Yes, that's the ticket, that's the platform, I mean to get tū Congress on ; univarsal annexation the world's salvation—our manifest destiny. (*Enter LANDLADY with water. DOODLE drinks.*) Waal, I feel a heap better ; you haint got a smile, have you, marm ?

**LAND.** A smile, Mr. Doodle : La ; what do you mean ?

**Doo.** Waal, a drink of brandy or whiskey.

**LAND.** We have none in the house, Sir. (That's a whopper.) *Aside.*

**Doo.** You haint no bar, then ; none of our improvements ; no place to get a drink ; you are not a progressive people ; you sit croaking the same darn old tune like a bull-frog in a puddle, you aint prōgressive.

**LAND.** I have often heard you are a go-a-head people.

**Doo.** We are just that, and nothing else ; we go the entire animal ; the whole hog, including the bristles, tail, and squeal. Waal, I guess I'll go to bed.

**LAND.** By-the-bye, Mr. Doodle, I have let the other bed.

**Doo.** You have, have you ; who is the straanger ?

**LAND.** Oh, he seems a very respectable gentilman ; he is a going to get up a Mission, and I think he is one of your fellow-citizens. I will turn the bed down for you. (*Exit.*)

Doo. Waal, I have slept with all kinds of folks, in my time, Judges, Generals, Members of Congress, Laryers, Doctors, never afore with a Missionary, any thing but a *hoderiferous* nigger. (*Taking the old chaw out of his mouth.*) Waars the spittoon. Darn sich a country as this, only one spittoon in a house, there. (*Throws down his chaw on the floor.*) I can't run all over the house after a spittoon. (*Cuts a fresh one.*) Waal, I am glad he is one of our fellow-citizens and none of them proud British aristocratic exclusive big bugs, who are always for everlasting a sleeping, eating, and drinking in their own private rooms. I guess the Britishers wont get rid of their aristocratic exclusive notions, until we annex them. Yaas, 'varsal annexation is the ticket; 'varsal annexation the world's salvation, our manifest destiny. (*Enter Landlady. Aside.* What does he mean?)

LAND. Your bed is quite ready now, Mr. Doodle. Doo. Waal, then, I shall curl myself up. (*Exit into his bed room, saying,* Univarsal annexation the world's salvation.)

LAND. What a nasty, chewing, spitting man; I'll make him pay extra for spitting on my carpets, and extra for this spittoon; 'varsal annexation the world's salvation, what does he mean? Oh, he means universal annexation the world's salvation. Oh, I wonder if it is the American millenium. The more I hear of forin parts, the stranger they be. Well, if Mr. Doodle and Mr. Jumbo object to sleep together, it is none of my fault; they will have to

pay me for the week's lodging. As people make their beds so must they lie. I wish the rest would come in, especially that Doctor; I'll be bound the latch key will be lost, I feel very lonely. (*Goes for the brandy bottle.*) I am glad I didn't let Mr. Doodle have a smile out of this (as he calls it), or he might have gone the entire hog with it, (*mimics him,*) including the bristles, tail, and squeal. Ah, I feel very lonely. (*Takes another pull at the bottle.*) (*Rap rap,*) I hope this is the Doctor and his friend. (*Enter Jumbo rather drunk.*)

JUMBO. Waal, missus, how do due missus, how du du?

LAND. Very well, thank you; you are late; you must have had a very long meeting at Exeter Hall.

JUMBO. Yaas, him berry big meeting; him pass one hundred resolutions for de meleoration of mankind.

LAND. *Aside.* (He has been drinking I see, like the rest of the world.) La, it must have been a great meeting.

JUMBO. Yaas, and dey put me on de Committee, to collect de scription, for de different doctrines, and I hab no doubt, but dey 'pint me to de Mission, of de Mountains of de Moon.

LAND. Indeed, how very distant; were there any new doctrinet his evening, Mr. Jumbo?

JUMBO. Yaas, I hear dar splination of dar doctrine of moral force, dis night; dar great doctrine of da age.

LAND. Doctrine of the moral force, what is that, pray?

JUMBO. Him dis, no more war, no more invasion, no more army, beat him swords into ploughshares, and reaping machines, no more big men-of-war ships, saw dem all in two.

LAND. La, I hear they do that now, so the papers say.

JUMBO. Den dey support dar doctrine; yes, no more cheat, no more steal, if de thief steal your spoons, dar moral force will condemn him, he feel ashamed, him bring dem back to you, all dar things in dis house, dem quite safe, you like to 'scribe to dar moral force. (*Pulls out a book.*)

LAND. Why no, I think the police force will do as well at present, and I pay rates for them.

JUMBO. *Aside.* (No 'scribe in dis old woman; not sich fool as she look.) Hab you herd of dar doctrine of no-intervention to prevent intervention? him bery great doctrine at dar Hall.

LAND. No intervention, to prevent intervention, I don't understand.

JUMBO. *Aside.* (No more do dis child, eha, eha.) Oh him grand new doctrine, dey 'splain him to you at de Hall, you like to 'scribe to him.

LAND. No. I tell you, I don't understand it.

JUMBO. Oh, dey all great doctrines at dar Hall, dey am de forerunner of de melenium, you 'scribe to assist dar coming of dar melenium surely.

LAND. I'll subscribe to it when it comes.

JUMBO. (Gor Almighty, dis woman ain't the fool I took her for. I'l gib her a little preach; I'l 'cite her narves.) *Aside.* But I know you

'scribe to dar poor benighted Africans in dar Mountains of dar Moon at dar unknown sources of dar Nile; only tink of dem, (1,000, and 1,000 of miles from de Exeter Hall,) dey nebber hear de great truths, and doctrines, of dat blessed place; oh tink of dat, but der are kind hearts, dat bleed for de poor Africans, see dis (*shows a cotton umbrella*) what kind lady gib me when I tell dem how dar sun broil dar backs of the poor African, hab you no umbrella to gib to shade de backs of dar poor African. No little mite to 'scribe to clothe him naked form, (*pushes the book towards her*) dar you see plenty of 'scribes.

LAND. Yes, yes, I will look over them another time, Mr. Jumbo, it is so very late now, shall I get your candle?

JUMBO. *Aside.* (Gor Almighty, der is no scribe in dis old she-coon; she won't tree no how. I try her anodder way—*pulls out a bottle of rum*). You see dis, Missus, him funny nigger gib me dis; him scription to dar mission, eha, eha.

LAND. Indeed, it seems an odd subscription.

JUMBO. (*pulling out the cork and smells the bottle*) Yaas him rum, I tink, aint him; smell him (*puts the bottle to the landlady's nose*).

LAND. Yes, Mr. Jumbo, I think it is rum.

JUMBO. *Aside.* (Only tink him is, eha, old she-coon dat.) Yaas, him berry funny nigger gib me dis. I meet him as I come out of de hall, and him ask me to come on board him ship, him steward on board one of dar liner packet ships. I know'd him

in New York ; he say, come wid me ; we drink dar health of dar distant mission. I go in de hope of convert him, him berry funny nigger, him great sinner, him like de bango better than him prayers; yet him good nigger, him help me to gain my liberty. Hab you two glasses, missus ?

LAND. Oh, yes, I think I have ; I will see (*goes for them in the cupboard*).

JUMBO. I tink I tree that old she-coon yet in dar 'scription gum stump up de mountain of de moon. Gar I tink dis child drink too much wid that steward ; neber mind, "here goes," as de volcano said on him ruption (*LANDLADY returns with two glasses*), him berry old Jamaky (*pours some out and they drink*). Yaas, him berry funny nigger that steward ; him take me to his ship, and he say, I hab no money to spare, but I hab two bottles of rum—one we will drink to the health of de mission and old time, and de odder you take home. We talk old times long, long ago. I tell him agin de istory of my life, and him compose a song about him, and play it on de bango. Him begin so :—

I will sing you some little songs,  
All about dis darkey's wrongs,  
How de white man slave him body,  
To sweeten de tea and toddy—Eha.

Yaas, him first-rate poet that nigger, he put all my 'scapes from slavery into verse.

LAND. What escapes you have had ; this is a world of trouble.

JUMBO. Oh, yaas, man is born to sorrow as de sparks fly upwards. (I gib dis old woman some

camp-meeting preach, and get dar 'scribe out of her.) You no like dar rum a little more.

LAND. Oh no! I'm afraid, indeed, Mr. Jumbo.

JUMBO *pours out some.* (LAND. there, there.)

Aside. (This old woman drink him neat ; him sure to 'scribe.)

LAND. This is very old, Mr. Jumbo, and mellow.

JUMBO. Ah, yes, him in dar vale of years ; him mellow down like dar turbulent, and sinful passion of our youth. (*Groans.*)

LAND. Oh, yes, we are weak mortals.

JUMBO. Ah, yes, in naked and benighted darkness. (*He groans heavily.*)

LAND. Are you unwell, Mr. Jumbo ?

JUMBO. Oh, not in de stomach, but in de spirit. Ah! only to tink of de far distant naked Africans, naked under dar broiling sun ; no Exeter Hall dere to clothe him, to teach him dar blessed doctrines. I know dat your kind heart bleed for dem, and dat your deeds of charity, like good angels, will bear you on dar wings to the regions of bliss. Yes, dat what dat great preacher de Rev. Silas Rant say.

LAND. Oh, yes, I have heard him ; he do paint angels beautiful.

JUMBO. Ah ! I know your Christian heart do bleed for dar poor Africans—ah, I know you 'scribe to him. (*Pushes the book towards her, and gives her a pencil, which she takes.*) Yes, you 'scribe, and de angels will bear you on der wings of ebber-lasting bliss, de poor African will remember you

in dar prayers ; yas, and dar angels—yas, de archangels—of colour will bear you on their white wings.

LAND. What ! angels of colour, black angels with white wings ! I never heerd of such.

JUMBO. (*Enraged.*) What ! you tink dar are no angels of colour.

LAND. I never heard the Rev. Silas Rant paint them so.

JUMBO. Den him berry partial preacher let me tell you.

LAND. Really, Mr. Jumbo, it is so very late that I must go to bed. Here is your candle.

JUMBO. No angels of colour in heaben ? Jist like you white folks, you want to monopolise all dar good tings—you grab all de good tings in dis earth, and make him poor nigger work him body and soul for you ; and den when you get to heaben, you find that you can't work de nigger dere, den you want to kick him out. No ; let me tell you, if ebber dat partial preacher, de Rev. Silas Rant, git to heaben (and I don't tink he will), dar he will see de angels of colour sucking de sweet sugar cane of ebberlasting bliss ; while, down below, he will see de white slave-holders picking burning cotton—yas, burning cotton, and dar debbil as dar observer—eha, eha—and, ebber now and den, the debbil him reading de Liverpool paper and telling dem dar cotton market am falling—eha, eha—de slave-holders little tink dar benefit de is gwine to hab in dar next world. Will you 'scribe to dar mission, missus?

**LAND.** I have no money ; and when I have there are thousands of hungry poor at home to feed, and when there are none then will I subscribe ; and I gave what I could spare the other day to some poor dressmakers, who had been working themselves into a low fever in getting some bonnets ready for some great lady, to go with her daughters to the flower-show. (*She goes and gets her rushlight.*)

**LAND.** Here, sir, is your candle, sir, good night.

**Aside.** (Black angels with white wings indeed.)

*Exit landlady to bed in the top rooms.*

**JUMBO.** No scribe in dat old woman ; and she hab the best part of a bottle of rum too. All come of does opposition charities at home, relief to dressmakers and others ; and dar practical charities, and dar poor at home ; but still, dar missions hab the pull over does matter of fact charities, under dar noses, no citement in dim, dey dont pile up de horors. Ah, de foreign mission am de romance of charity, eha, eha, (*takes a pull at the bottle*) eha, eha, regular slip of der tongue dat calling dem angels of colour, eha, eha, de fact is, de white man dont like dar nigger, no, not eben in de shape of angels, wid white wings, eha, eha, dat old woman be particular what sort of angels take her to heaben, eha, eha, I dar say dar are some who will expect dar angels to hab coronets on their wings when they go to heaben, I dar say some of de white folks look upon going to heaben as a sort of presentation at Court, and dat dey must go in grand style wid all der armorial bearings, eha, eha. Oh dar pride of dar white folks,

(*takes another pull at the bottle*). I feerd I tell dat old woman too much ob de truth dis morn-ing. I hab no idee ob de amount of sperfulous sympathy dey hab for exportation in dis country, dat Exeter Hall am de great commission house for dat export trade, and see dat dis child had better jine dat firm. Yes, I tink dey pint me to de mission, if they dont, I spite dem, and go over to de Church of Rome, eha, eha, nothing like a distant mission for citement, I tink if I had put de mission in de moon, instead of de mountains of de moon, I should hab made dis child's fortin, eha, eha, I tink I go to bed now (*pulls off his coat and boots, and takes a bill out of his pocket and reads*.) Tomorrow night anodder great meeting of dar Peace Society, Massa — in the chair, eha, eha, an old missionary tell me, dat dey are going send dar Emperor of all dar Russias a pipe of peace, eha, eha. I guess when he hab smoke dat pipe, him will find him colour like any odder *mere sham*, eha, eha ; yes, here am anodder notice, Great Temperance Meeting, de Rev. Bosh Wet-blanket in dar chair ; Gor Almighty, how dem old women dat go to Exeter Hall like citement, eha, eha. Funny folks at de Hall, yet I tink dem sons of Adam. Dey want to persuade de whole world to drink nothing but water, alongtime afore they persuade dis child, eha, eha, (*takes a pull at the bottle*.) eha, eha, I dont tink the whole world will ebber drink nothing but water, no, not unless anodder deludge comes, eha, eha, den de tea-totallers will be in dar element, dis child's stomach am too

colicky for dat bevr ridge, eha, eha. Waal dis am a great country for du new doctrines, so am de United States, de skeer dem up der for ebber-lasting, with an increased amount of damnation, and proportionate rewards and joys; how dey lub to talk about liberty in dat country, but all talk. De English du something else, yes, dey pay twenty million of pounds to liberate de African, and dey ask me to dinner, eha, eha, dey will find dat to dar credit side, at de last account. But I am tinking de slave holders will find dat de balance sheet agin them at de last account, and I am also tinking dat de Mississippi slave holders will find dat de doctrine of puderation wont go down at dat settlement, no how, eha, eha, I am tinking does slaveholders are in a fix wid der niggers, dey want to pitch de black Jonah obberboard, and dey want to keep him to work de ship; yaas, dar in a regular fix, dem southern slaveholders, (*takes another pull at the bottle*), dat the last of him, eha, eha. At last I am free, yaas, on British ground, tis true, and no mistake. Gor, how I should like to hab a dance to an old banjo, (*begins to do the double shuffle.*)

I am bound on de distant mission,  
Wid tracks for de Gumbo tribe;  
I hab been to de Exhibition,  
And I got no end of scribe. Eha, eha.

I tink dis child am a latent genius, yes, I do. De whites say dat de nigger am an inferior race, just let them wait until dis child hab developed himself, de world shall yet see coloured Shakespeares and black Miltos. I'll astonish de John Bulls yet

wid my missions, and if dat dont pay, I'll bring out some spiritual rappings, dey fool a lot of Yankees with de rappings and why not de John Bulls. Dis am de age of humbug, and dis child, I am a tinking must go wid dat stream, to get him libbin, and him dont feel disposed to strain him moral muscle, a pulling agin dat stream, specially when him am now about de full flood, eha, eha, yaas, it am de age of humbug and no mistake. (*Mimicks his preaching*), In naked benighted darkness, under de broiling sun, eha, dats the ticket, dats de pass artir dark.\* Yaas, clothe the poor naked African, eha, yaas, and de nigger will feel as much obliged to you as if you were to offer to curl his child's wool, eha. Work of supper-arrogation dat, to curl dis child's wool, I tink, eha. Waal, I go to bed, I sleep wid the white man, proud day for dis child, I hab dined with three white men dis day, for de first time, dis am a real free country, and dey gib me da pudding proof of it by asking me to dinner, my stomach am full of it. Yaas, day ask me to dinner, not like de Yankee, who talk for ebberlasting about freedom and equality, but he nebber ask dis child to dinner, eha. (*Opens the door, Yankee asleep, with a quid of tobacco sticking out of his mouth.*) Gor Amighty how him snore, why him hab a quid in him mouth, him must be Yankee, eha, eha, dat is de reason de Yankees talk through dar nose, dar mouth am always too full of baccy to speak tru him. Dis child don't care, I aint skeerd, for I am now in a real free

\* The negroes have to have a written pass from their masters, to be out after dark in the Slave States.

country, I hab dine wid white man, and now I sleep wid white man. I really tink de melenium am coming. (*Exit to bed.*) *In going to open the bed-room door, Mr. Jumbo wrenches out the door handle and throws it on the floor, saying,* I don't tink dis child quilibrium am on de plum line principal dis night, no, I don't, eha, eha, we am all weak mortals, eha, eha. (*Enter DOCTOR and COTTON. The Doctor, after fumbling at the door, opens it and still hangs on to it by the latch key.*)

DR. Why hang it, Cotton, (*hiccup*), I have forgotten how to handle a latch key.

COT. Great pity you ever knew how (*hiccup*) to handle one, you have been an hour opening that door (*hiccups*).

DR. Now do let me speak (*hiccup*). I know why I couldn't get the key into the hole (*hiccup*).

COT. Why? Key made on bad principle (*hiccup*).

DR. Ah, ah, I like that, a latch key made on principle; just as much principle in a latch key (*hiccup*) as there is in a man, when he is acting on a committee, drawing up a report or prospectus for a mining company. No, I know the reason (*hiccup*).

COT. Well, what is it? (*hiccup*).

DR. Why, Cotton, the hole of the latch is small, and the latch-key you see is a chubby one.

COT. Oh, a pun, horrid, I shall faint, where's the brandy? (*Cotton pulls a brandy bottle out of his pocket,*) saying, I anticipated these sickening puns and bad jokes of yours, so I thought I would

provide a little neat brandy to take off their nauseating effects.

DR. Well, I feel rather qualmish too with your matter-of-fact observations. "Wonderful the progress of the age, the crowded state of the Exhibition."

COT. Oh, bother, I'll get the tumbler in the bed-room. (*He puts the bottle on the table ; he wrenches the door handle out, and tumbles back.*)

DR. Don't lie there making an exhibition of yourself, I have seen one to-day in Hyde Park, that's quite enough for me.

COT. Oh, bother your bad puns, they make me sick.

DR. Ah, ah, there is an extra for you, Cotton ; sham breakage I'll be bound. (*Cotton brings out the glass from the bed-room.*)

DR. You have done a seeming impossibility.

COT. What ? a horrid conceit, I'll swear.

DR. Why you have laid hold of a door, at the same time you have unhandled it.

COT. Horrid, horrid, far-fetched ; why the devil can't you talk sense ?

DR. Well, what's the price of cotton ? Is the money market tight, and holders firm ?

COT. Oh, go to Bath ; how the drain smells.

DR. *Taking the bottle out of Cotton's hands and smelling it.* Why, so it does, and strong of brandy, too, Cotton.

COT. Give me some, worse and worse.

DR. I don't think the Commissioners of Sewers

would be at a loss how to dispose of this drain, and I believe it is the only drains they deal with, judging how they get on.

COT. Oh, give me some brandy, and bother your conceits. I wonder a sensible man like you gives way to that low style of wit, it's a weak point of yours.

DR. Ah, "we all have our weak and strong points," as the needle said, when he took to pointing to the North Pole.

COT. Horrid! I can't stand this (*takes the bottle from the Doctor*), those sayings are worse than puns.

DR. Ah, Cotton, you don't take chaff kindly, you are like our cousin Doodle, and his nasal twang still vibrates in my ear. Why, he has unhandled his door, what a glorious rise I got out of him. I rather like him, Cotton; he has got one good Anglo-Saxon characteristic.

COT. What is that?

DR. He is game, either to liquor or fight. I think they will be an ornament yet to the Anglo-Saxon race, if we can cure them of chewing, spitting, bolting their food, and talking through their noses. Yes, sir, e e. (*Mimics the Yankee*.)

COT. Ha, ha, what a heterogeneous mass of humanity we were.

DR. Yes. What fun, if there had been a nigger amongst us; by Jove, I'll go down to Exeter Hall,

and get one of their pet black specimens of conversion, and take the other bed in the same room with the Yankee for him. What a joke it would be. I'll do so to-morrow.

COT. Yes, your horrid chaff nearly got you into a scrape, but your parliamentary apology saved you.

DR. Was not his twang rich?

COT. Horrid! that trick the Americans have of speaking through their nose.

DR. Well, John Bull has a nasal trick as bad as that, Cotton.

COT. Why, what is that?

DR. Why, Cotton, John Bull has a trick of *paying through the nose*.

COT. Another horrid conceit, I can't stand this; let's go to bed.

DR. (*Pulling out his purse.*) How money goes! But first, come, settle: I lent you a pound to pay for a box of garden tools, &c.

COT. Well, I paid for the theatre, devilish cheap and well worth the money, two shillings for chops and two goes of brandy.

DR. Well, hand over the surplus, you don't come the *Bishop* over me.

COT. Ah, we have all our faults.

DR. No doubt of it, Cotton, we have all a certain number of faults, but why a Bishop should have a *surplus one*, puzzles me.

COT. Leave off punning, and come to bed. I

tell you what, Doctor, a love for the brandy bottle is one of your faults, you'll pay for those indulgences of yours. (*Doctor takes some brandy.*)

DR. Pay for my *indulgences*, of course you don't expect to have them for nothing. Even the Pope himself makes you pay for his *indulgences*, ready money, too? I give a post obit for mine on my constitution, so I get them on tick—and I get the pull of the Pope.

COT. Come to bed, Doctor. Oh, we have all our faults.

DR. Speak for yourself, (*hiccup*); some people have them as thick as porcupine quills, and far more fretful.

COT. Oh! you are not exempt, Doctor, you have your weak points.

DR. No, Cotton, I have no raws, you can't get a rise out of me (*hiccup*).

COT. Oh, can't I? (*hiccup*).

DR. I would just as soon expect to hear you make a pun (*hiccup*).

COT. Easy enough, I could make one, yes; now, your puns are very punishing to me, ah, ah.

DR. Oh, good God, where's the brandy, that's enough to turn the stomachs of a pack of hounds, so dam stale. I have heard it a thousand times.

COT. Ah, ah, and you think I can't chaff (*hiccup*).

DR. Can you, Cotton, let's try you, Cotton. I know you are a very nice fellow when you are asleep.

COT. So are you, when you hold your tongue.

DR. Halloo, Cotton, your latent genius is coming out, now get a rise out of me (*hiccup*).

COT. Easy enough, the whole county knows your weak point.

DR. Well, and what's that, how well informed the county must be (*hiccup*).

COT. Why, your absurd jealousy of your professional reputation (*hiccup*).

DR. Well, that is a proper weakness, "leans to virtue's side," as the Poet says.

COT. Ah! they say there is one surgical operation you can't perform, though you have often tried it.

DR. The devil there is, I should like to know it, what is it?

COT. Why, they say you have often attempted to extract your wife's jaw, and have failed, ah, ha.

DR. (*enraged.*) Sir, Mr. Cotton, I allow no man to intrude, or make any allusions to my domestic privacy.

COT. Ah, ah, that's what the Yankee said about his peculiar domestic institution of slavery.

DR. Sir, my domestic institution is sacred, and justified by God and man, while his is abhorred by God and all just men.

COT. Well, I beg your pardon, Doctor; don't let us quarrel, as we have come up to town together, on a lark, and to see the Exhibition.

COT. You are right, Cotton, come let us go to bed, where are the rushlights. (*In going for them, the*

*Dr. slips on the Yankee's chaw, and tumbles on to the chair where the Yankee's great coat is.)*

DR. Halloa, what did I slip on, orange-peel?

COT. Why no, I think it is the Yankee's chaw.

DR. You don't say so. Halloa! what am I sitting on. (*Puts his hand in the Yankee's coat pocket, and pulls out a Colt's revolver.*) Here's another Yankee production. Here is a nice murderous weapon for a civilized man to carry about with him in a civilized country. (*hiccup.*)

DOCTOR, *pointing the Colt revolver at the chaw* exclaims thus: "Yes." (*hiccup.*)

(COTTON, *stopping his ears, and then opens them,* Oh, one of his horrid soliloquies, *à la Kean.*)

Thou, little heap of masticated filth,  
 Thou, utter bane of all palatine joys,  
 Thou, New World's foul narcotic weed,  
 Tainting the chubby cheek of youth,  
 Robbing it of its cherry hue,  
 Furrowing it with deep lined seams,  
 Till it becomes the shallow lantern jaw,  
 In which, as if thou wert a bestial cud,  
 Revolving ever in the juicy chew  
 Of Yankee ruminating quidities.  
 Why he should daily chew thee thus,  
 And ever taint his breath, his throat,  
 His teeth, with yellow ochre hue,  
 The wholesome spittle that nature gave him for his good,  
 Is e'en more than I could ere conceive, or well divine,  
 Hence, avaunt, to the foul spittoon,  
 The fitting grave for all departed chaws.

(*Hiccup, ab libitum to be supplied by the Doctor.*)

DR. Now, I call that first chop Shakespeare, Cotton. (*hiccup.*)

COT. Ha, ha, Doctor, I didn't think you could have said so much about an old chaw. Is that a horse pistol in your hand?

DR. No, Cotton, it can't be a horse-pistol, for now it is a *colt* pistol.

COT. At it again, when will you leave off those dam puns?

DR. Devil take this Yankee; I know I shall have a *difficulty* with him, as they call it.

COT. Then you had better draw balls.

DR. So I will; and then he can bang away at me! What fun! [*Draws the balls.*]

COT. Don't point it this way.

DR. I can't help it, it's on the revolving principle. Now I will put it back again in his coat. [*In doing so he kicks his foot against the fumigator, and some travelling bolts and box of tools that have been sent to Cotton by order.*] Halloa, what the devil is this? Another infernal machine?

COT. Oh! that must be the fumigator my gardener asked me to get.

DR. Fumigator, all smoke, no danger then; [*opens it*] queer looking thing, cross between a tea-pot and watering pot.

COT. Yes, its a capital machine to smoke my greenhouse with tobacco, and kill the green flies on the geraniums.

DR. Tobacco smoke to kill the flies on plants, ah, that is applying tobacco to its legitimate use. It is evident that nature intended [*Cotton stops his ears,*

*and then opens them]* tobacco to protect itself, and the rest of the Botanical World, by fumigation, from the ravages of insects ; but man, abusing the goods, the Gods do send him, catawampusly chaws up the benefit, with the usual perversity of his nature.— Revenge is in my grasp, an idea strikes me.

COT. [ *Yawning* ] Oh, come to bed, no idea strikes me.

DR. Devilish lucky for you, Cotton, that an idea don't strike you ; it would floor you, you are not used to that sort of punishment. You are not the first person, or nation, that has been floored by an idea.

COT. Oh, bother, what is it ?

DR. Don't you see : fumigator, Yankee's chaw of tobacco, bolts and gimblets to fasten him in, hole in his door. I'll serve him out, for nearly breaking my neck with his chaw, and then jeopardizing my existence by his revolver.

COT. How absurd ! What fun !

DR. Why, its as good as a farce, Cotton. I'll dramatise it, and send it to the \_\_\_\_\_ Theatre, the newest and best pieces there ; none of your French translations, there's native talent there. Now, look here, Cotton, get some paper that will make the smoke, and we will put in the chaw to flavour it. Get the shovel. Ha ! ha ! I say, Doodle would have eschewed this chaw instead of chewing it [COT. Oh ! at it again, old, old !] if he had any idea in what form he was going to have it. Now then, give me the bolts, and let us make him safe,

ha, ha, what fun, I feel quite young again ; it puts me in mind of the time I used to screw the Junior Dean in ; I feel as larkey as when I used to walk the Hospital, and go body snatching, [*during this time he is applying the bolts*], now give me the fumigator.

COT. Is he asleep ?

DR. Yes, all serene, [*puts his ear to the hole*] Gad how he snores, through his nose, why he has a double snore. I have heard of Yankees being double-jointed, but I never knew they had a double snore ; how sound they must sleep !

COT. So much the better, we can give him a good dose before he wakes ; here's a light [*they light the paper in the bowl, and smoke the Yankee through the door*].

COT. Grind away, Doctor, ha ! ha ! [*sits down on a chair, which breaks.*]

DR. Ha ! ha ! another extra for you. I say, he is coughing.

COT. Grind away, Doctor ; give it him.

YANKEE. [*Within.*] Tarnation ! I calculate there is fire in these diggings [*he tries to open the door*]. Tarnation ! the door handle is gone. We are in a fix, I calculate [*he kicks the door—Dr. and Cotton run away to their bed-rooms.*]

JUMBO. Waar my clothes ? Why you no kick the door down, straanger ?

DOODLE. I guess I can't ; too everlasting strong. [*Enter J. B., Frenchman and German, and then the Doctor and Cotton.*]

DR. Halloo ! What's the matter ? Where does this

smoke come from? [J. B. aside. *Some lark of the Doctor's, I'll be bound.*] Where there is smoke, there is fire! Fire! fire!

OMNES. Fire!

JUM. Clar de track; let dis child hab a butt at de door; I knock him off him hinges. [JUMBO butts his head through the panel.]

OMNES. Mr. Doodle is choking; he's black in the face; pull him out of the door. [They pull him out, and on JUMBO exclaiming, Oh, oh! the DOCTOR asks him if he has hurt his head in butting through the door. JUMBO. No, massa, not my head, but I hab scrape my shin.]

DR. Halloa, why it is not Doodle; why, you are a nigger; where did you come from? Oh, here's Mister Doodle [who comes out after JUMBO, through the hole in the door]. But who are you? Are you a lodger here?

JUM. Yaas, I am; I hab de oder bed wid dat white man.

DR. Ah, ah, here's a lark! Mr. Doodle, I am glad you have got over your antipathy to the blacks.

Doo. Oh! tarnation, you tarnal nigger, you haint a dard to sleep with me, a native free-born citizen!

JUM. Why not? Who are you? I tot, you tarnation Yankee, when I go to bed wid you; I hab you to know dat you are in a free country, now. How you like him? Eha, eha!

Doo. I take none of your sarse, you etarnal nigger. (Draws his bowie knife.) I'll rub you out. (and rushes at him. JOHN BULL catches his hand, and wrenches it from him.)

J. B. Come, none of that ; fair play is the rule we fight by in this country. For shame ; you call yourself an Anglo-Saxon, and use a knife. Be a man, and leave such weapons to cowards and assassins. (*He throws the bowie knife away.*)

DR. Bravo, Mr. Bull, we'll see fair play in this difficulty. Yes, I guess. (*He imitates DOODLE.*)

JUM. Ha, ha ! Massa Yankee, you want to play der game of high low Jack and de game. I hab you to know dat dis child am de Jack of dat game, and counts two. Eha, you don't bluff\* dis child now in a free country ; no, you don't.

DR. Go it, Sambo, you are a chaffer. I'll stand by you in this difficulty, yes-sir-e e.

JUM. I tell you what it is, Massa Doodle, you touch me on dis free sile ; and I'll pitch my head into der pit of your stomach, and den you'll tink you are at sea with two metics inside of him. Eha, eha !

Doo. By the tarnal I'll take sarse from no nigger alive. I'll revolve you out of existence in tū tūs. (*Goes for his revolver.*)

The DOCTOR *whispers to J. BULL that he has drawn the bullets, and tells him to stand by and see the fun.* J. B. *joins in the lark, and says, I knew you were at the bottom of it, Doctor.*

Doo. Now, you tarnal nigger, you'll go under, I guess. (*Fires one of the barrels at JUMBO, much to the horror of the FRENCHMAN and the GERMAN, and especially JUMBO, who are not aware the balls have been drawn.*)

\* "Bluff," to frighten by bragging.



